

# Dillinger Four, Twenty-One Said Three Times Qu

Past ten and I start to lose my sight  
Six hours gone, two-fisting  
Try to talk but nothing comes out right  
Try to make it work tommorow  
Yesterday we were barely in command  
Full of dumb ideas, like children  
I blinked and the world had dropped my hand  
Don't let it show, but I'm stumbling

Now I've lost track of the things that I once knew  
I know what I want, but I don't got the tools  
Carry the weight upon my back  
I'm killing time until the heart attack

Now that you're twenty-one  
You've got a lot to do  
Look back on better times  
Fuck all 'till twenty-two  
Now that you're twenty-one

I've got no will to move ahead  
Don't understand just how we got here  
My memories dangles by a thread  
Try to bring 'em back but it's fading

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